

The Winchester Appeal.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.
VOLUME 1. WINCHESTER, TENN., SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1856. NUMBER 11.

The Winchester Appeal

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
GEO. E. PURVIS AND WM. J. SLATTERY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE;
TWO AND A HALF IF IN SIX MONTHS;
THREE AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Beautiful Old Age.

Mrs. Sigourney, in her book, "Past Meridian," just published, gives the following charming picture of contented and virtuous old age:

"Once knew an aged couple, who, for more than sixty years had dwelt in one home, and with one heart. Wealth was not theirs, nor the appliances of luxury; yet the plain home, in which they had so long lived, was their own. Humble in every appointment, that they might be free from debt, they were respected by people in the highest positions, for it was felt that they set an example in all things. Every little gift or token of remembrance from friends—and all who knew them were friends—awakened the fresh warmth of gratitude. Though the portion of this world's goods was small, benevolence being inherent in their nature, found frequent expression. Always they had by them some book of slight expense, but of intrinsic value, to be given as a guide to the young, the ignorant, the tempted. Cordials also, and simple medicines, for debility or incipient disease, they distributed to the poor—for they were skillful in extracting the spirit of health from herbs, and a part of the garden, cultivated by their own hands, was indispensable. Kind, loving words had they for all the fullness of their hearts; content brimming over in bright drops to refresh those around.

The venerable old man, and vigorous, his temples slightly silvered, when more than four score years had visited them, how freely flowed forth the melody of his leading voice, amid the sacred strains of public worship! His favorite tunes of Mear and Old Hundred, wedded to these simple and sublime words,

"While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,"

and---
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," seem even now to fall sweetly, as they did upon my childish year. These, and similar ancient harmonies, mingled with devout prayers that morning and evening hallowed his home and its comforts; she the loved partner of his days being often the sole auditor. Thus in one censer rose the prayer, which every day seemed to deepen. God's goodness pallid not on their spirits, because it had been long continued. They rejoiced that it was "new every morning, and fresh every evening."

By the clear wood fire in the winter, sat the aged wife, with serene brow, skillfully busy in the preparation or repair of garments as perfect neatness and economy dictated, while by the evening lamp her bright knitting needles moved with quickened zeal, and she remembered the poor child, or wasted invalid, in some cold apartment, for which they were to furnish a substantial covering.

In the latter days of life, their childless abode was cheered by the presence of a young orphan relative. She grew under their shadow with great delight, conforming with pliant heart to their wishes, and to the pattern of their godly simplicity. When they were seated together, she read to them such books as they chose, and treasured their Christian counsel. Her voice in the morning was to them as the carol of a lark; they seemed to live again the new life in her young life. She was to them "like the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

Love for the sweet helplessness of unfolding years seemed to increase with their own advancing age. Little children, who knew by instinct where love was, would draw near them, and stand lamb-like at their side. Thus they passed on, until more than ninety years had been numbered to them. They were not weary of themselves, or of each other, or this beautiful world. Neither was time weary of bringing them, letter by letter, the full alphabet of serene happiness, and when extreme old age added the Omega, they were well educated to begin the bliss of eternity."

"I do not recollect one of my young friends," says the late Amos Lawrence, "who was the better for going to the theatre, and most of them were ruined. The theatre is no better now."

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds

The bell's deep tones are swelling: 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past, yet, on the stream and wood,

With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,

The spirit of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks—and breathe,

In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizzard voice of Time,

Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions, that have passed away
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. The spectre lifts

The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy and Love,
And bending mournfully above the pale
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters
Dead flowers

O'er what has passed to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,

Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man; and the haughty form

Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where eist the song

And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle plain, where sword and spear
Flashed in the light of mid-day; and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above

The crushed and mouldered skeletons. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave

The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness
And Night's deep darkness has no chain
To bind

His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear

To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs,
and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of centuries,
And rush down the Alpine Avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blaze of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away

To dapple in the trackless void. Yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless; and pauses not,
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

A little one, after undergoing the disagreeable operation of vaccination, exclaimed,

"Now, I won't have to be baptized, will I?"

Millard Fillmore.

"Honor and fame from no condition rise."

It is a fact well worthy to inspire a spirit of emulation among American youth, that, with scarce any exceptions, the eminent men of our country have all been the architects of their own fortunes. "It is true," said Henry Clay, replying to the sneers of John Randolph: "I was born to no proud patrimonial estate! And it was fortunate, no doubt, that he could not point back, with the eccentric lord of Roanoke, to his boasted line of ancestors; for in such a case, Henry Clay could never have warned his noble soul to the wants, the sympathies, and the feelings of the masses, or gained that ascendancy in their hearts which entitled him to be hailed as the 'Great Commoner.'"

It is so in every case. The life of Millard Fillmore, the candidate of the American party for the office of President of the United States, is another triumphant vindication of republican institutions, as affording that encouragement and opportunity needed for the full development of the intellect and talents of the people. He, too, has risen by his own exertions, to the highest honors in the Empire State and in the Nation. The story of his early career and his subsequent success, cannot be too often told to the young men of the workshop and the farm. It should be read at the fire-side of every hamlet in the land, and the children be incited to imitate his example.

Millard Fillmore was born at Sumner Hill, Cayuga County, New York, on the 7th day of January, 1800. He was the son of a farmer, and early accustomed to toil. At an early age he was sent from home to earn his own support, and at twelve was placed with a clothier to learn the business of dressing cloth. Soon after, he was apprenticed to a wool carder, with whom he labored faithfully until he reached the age of nineteen and became master of his calling. Many anecdotes are related of young Fillmore during this interesting period of his life, showing him to have been early animated by that indomitable spirit which overcomes all obstacles in life, and that industry and perseverance which are the surest guarantees of success. He was a great reader, and literally "trimmed the midnight lamp" throughout this heyday of his youth, in storing his mind with those treasures of knowledge to which he owes his subsequent greatness. It may be hard for the reader who only knows Mr. Fillmore as the accomplished statesman and finished gentleman, remarkable everywhere for his "polished manners and fine sense," to imagine him pursuing his humble calling in the shop of the mechanic, and when his daily task is done, peering industriously over the example page of knowledge by the feeble night lamp, but such are the simple annals of the first twenty years of his life, and true to the manly instincts of his nature, Mr. Fillmore never was ashamed to own his humble origin.

It is usually the fortunate lot of every young man of genius, at the turning point in his life, to have a patron, who perceives his latent talents, and assists him in finding their appropriate sphere. Henry Clay had such a patron, whose influence controlled his exuberant enthusiasm and shaped the flights of his youthful ambition. And it was Judge Wood, of Cayuga, who became sponsor to young Fillmore, in the study of his profession as a lawyer. He persuaded him to accept a place in his office, and generously defrayed his expenses through a regular course of legal study. We need not say how devotedly he applied himself to his new studies, or how he required the generosity of Mr. Wood, by his remarkable proficiency in the noble science of the law. Suffice it to say that he was competent to leave the office in 1821, and proceed to Buffalo to complete his studies. Having passed his examination, he became entitled to practice his profession in 1823, and opened an office in the town of Aurora. In 1827, he was admitted as an attorney, and in 1829, as a counsellor to the Supreme Court. From that period, he has occupied a very distinguished position as a member of the bar.

He now began to be known in the political world. In 1829, he was chosen to a seat in the General Assembly from Erie county. He acquired himself that trust to the satisfaction of his constituents, but in 1830 he concluded to remove to Buffalo, and enter more extensively into the practice of his profession. He was not long per-

mitted, however, to enjoy his predilection. He was elected to Congress in the fall of '32, and served successively in the twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh Congresses. His eminent talents were immediately recognized in that body, and he became one of the most useful members of the House, where he held the same influential position, as a Whig leader, which was awarded to Mr. Clay, at that period, in the Senate. He was placed in a prominent position on the leading Committee, and won the attention of the whole country by his able reports and occasional excellent speeches in the House.

But Mr. Fillmore, determined to return again to his professional duties, declined the re-election proffered him a third time by his constituents. For several years he avoided the political field and devoted himself exclusively to his private affairs. In 1841, he reluctantly consented to run for Governor, and was defeated, in common with almost all the Whig nominees, not excepting the first statesman of the country—Henry Clay. In 1847, however, he again ran for a State office—that of Comptroller, and was elected by a handsome majority. He continued to fill that office until 1848, when, as all the world knows, he was placed upon the Presidential ticket with Zachary Taylor, the hero of the Mexican war. On the 4th of March, 1848, he took his seat as presiding officer of the Senate. But General Taylor was not long permitted to enjoy the honors of his exalted position. In one short year he died, and the universal regrets of the Nation, and Millard Fillmore became his legal successor in the Presidential chair. Our readers need not at this day be told with what signal ability he discharged the duties of that responsible office—how he found this country convulsed by an embittered and sectional strife, which threatened the speedy dissolution of the Union, but how his wisdom and self-possession at last quieted the storm and restored peace to the land. His Administration, as has well been said, was emphatically "Washington-like," and not one of our modern Presidents has left a clearer record behind him in the White House at Washington, to which he can point without a blush, a fear, or a single regret.—New York Mirror.

A PRETTY LOVE SONG.

I love you—"tis the simplest way
The thing I feel to tell;
Yet, if I told it all the day,
You'd never guess how well.
You are my comfort and my light,
My very life you seem;
I think of you all day—all night
'Tis but of you I dream.

There's pleasure in the lightest word
That you can speak to me;
My soul is like the Aeolian chord,
And vibrates still to thee.
I never read the love-song yet,
So thrilling, fond or true,
But in my own heart I have met
Some kinder thought of you.

I bless the shadow on your face,
The light upon your hair;
I like for hours to sit and trace
The passing changes there;
I love to hear your voice's tone,
Although you should not say
A single word to dream upon
When that had died away.

O! you are kindly as the beam
That warms where'er it plays;
And you are gentle as a dream
Of happy future days;
And you are strong to do the right,
And swift the wrong to flee;
And if you were not half so bright,
You're all the world to me.

A THOUGHT.—A seed, buried in the earth for centuries, may contain the power of vitality, and by the action of light and heat, spring up and yield an abundance of fruit. A thought casually dropped—in the corner of a letter—at the bottom of a newspaper column—or amid a crowd of juveniles, may remain unproductive for many years, and at last spring up to gladden and refresh thousands. A thought may be remembered forever. Think of this, you who are feeding the immortal mind and stamping its destiny! Let not an impure sentence go forth from your pen or your lips. Drop everywhere the good seeds of truth, and they will not be lost. The word of reproof, the judicious counsel—the pleasant suggestion—the earnest advice—will be recalled at an early day.—Think right, and scatter broadcast the thoughts that will spring up to everlasting life.

Adversity is the filter which separates true and false friends.

What Perseverence will Accomplish.

About forty years ago, in the woods near the line between Tennessee and Kentucky, stood a log cabin, sixteen feet by eighteen, which was occupied by a father and a mother with some ten or twelve children, and among them was the hero of our sketch. In his infancy he was fed on corn and hominy, bear meat, and the flesh of such wild animals as were caught in the woods.

At twelve years of age was put out to work with a neighbor, as a farm-boy. He drove oxen, hoed corn, and raised tobacco in the summer, and cured it in the winter, till he was seventeen years old. Then he learned to make brick. To this he added the profession of a carpenter; and by these successive steps in mechanical arts, he became able, by his unassisted skill, to raise a house from a clay-pit, or from the stump, and complete it in all its parts. He could do it, too, in a manner that none of his competitors could surpass.

His panel-doors are the wonder and admiration of the country in which they continue to swing on hinges. He never saw the inside of a school-house or church, till after he was eighteen years old. Having achieved the valuable acquisitions of reading and writing, by the aid of another, all his other education has been the fruit of his own application and perseverance.

At the age of twenty-two, he conceived the idea of fitting himself for the practice of law. He at first procured an old copy of Blackstone, and having, after the close of his daily labors, by nightly studies over a pitch-knot fire in his log cabin, mastered the contents of that compendium of common law, he pushed his researches into other elementary works.

Having thus, by great diligence, acquired the rudiments of his profession, he met with an old lawyer who had left the practice, or whose practice had left him, with whom he made a bargain for his secretary and library, for which he was to pay him one hundred and twenty dollars in carpenter work. The chief part of the job to be done in payment for these old, musty books, was dressing and laying down a floor at three dollars per square of ten feet.

The library paid for, our hero dropped the adze, plane and trowel, and we soon after hear of him as one of the most prominent members of the Mississippi bar, and an able statesman and orator. "I heard him one day," says one, make two speeches in succession, each of three hours length, to the same audience, and not a movement testified any weariness on the part of a single auditor, and during its delivery, the assembly seemed swayed by the orator as weeds before the wind."

That poor farm-boy is now a member of Congress from Mississippi. His name is Patrick W. Tomkins. He is a self-made man, and his history shows what a humble boy can do when he is determined to try.

IT IS FOOLISH TO QUARREL.—One of the easiest, most common, and the most perfectly foolish things in the world is to quarrel—no matter with whom, man, woman or child—or on what pretence, provocation, or occasion soever. There is no kind of necessity for it, and no species or degree of benefit to be derived from it. And yet, strange as the fact be, theologians quarrel; lawyers, doctors, and ministers quarrel; printers and editors quarrel; the Church quarrels; and the State quarrels; nations, tribes, and corporations quarrel; dogs and cats, birds and beasts quarrel, about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions.—Home Journal.

GET A HOME.—Get a home, rich or poor, get a home, and learn to love that home and make it happy to wife and children by your beaming presence;—learn to love simple pleasures, flowers of God's own planting, and music of his own; the birds, wind and waterfall. So shall you help to stem the tide of desolation, poverty and despair that comes upon so many through scorn of little things. Oh, the charm of a little home; comforts dwell there that shun the gilded halls of society. Live humbly in your little home, and look to God for a grander one.

There are five letters in the English alphabet which are always pronounced wrong. Can any one tell what they are?
Coleman, the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied the wit, "Hook and eye are old associates."

"My Sainted Mother."

The mother of John Randolph taught his infant lips to pray. This fact he could never forget. It influenced his whole life, and saved him from the dangers of infidelity. He was one day speaking on the subject of infidelity, to which he had been much exposed by his intercourse with men of infidel principles, to a distinguished southern gentleman, and used this remarkable language:

"I believe I should have been swept away by the flood of French infidelity; if it had not been for one thing—the remembrance of the time when my sainted mother used to make me kneel by her side, taking my little hand folded in hers, and caused me to repeat the Lord's Prayer."

Every mother who reads this may see an important practical lesson, which she ought to use in the case of her own children. No mother can ever know how great will be the influence on her son, in all his future life, in this world and in the world to come, of teaching him to pray. How appropriate, how beautiful the conduct of that mother who teaches her little son to kneel by her side as she retires to rest, to lift up his young heart to the God that made him, and on whose care and mercy he must rely in all the future years of his existence! If all mothers would teach their children to pray with and for them, how soon would this world's aspect be changed! And the mother who does not teach her children to pray, has no ground to believe that she will ever meet her children in heaven, or that she will ever reach there herself.

NEWSPAPERS.—A man, says Dr. Franklin, as often gets two dollars for the one he spends on informing his mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way. A man eats up a pound of sugar, and it is gone, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind, to be used whenever inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man, or two men; it is the wisdom of the age, and past ages too. A family without a newspaper is always half an age behind the times in general information; besides, they can never think much, nor find much to talk about. And then there are little ones growing up in ignorance, without any taste for reading. Besides all these evils, there's the wife, who, when the work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse her, or divert her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle. Who, then, would be without a newspaper?

How should a husband speak to a scolding wife? My dear I love you still!

The promises of the Bible, like the beams of the sun, shine as freely in at the poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace. A mountain of gold heaped up as high as heaven, would be no such treasure as one promise of God.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.—Wouldst thou, oh, mortal, sail safely o'er the dangerous sea of life, and joyfully reach its haven? When the winds breathe softly on thee, let not thine heart be filled with vanity; when the tempests rage around thee, let thy courage fail. Let Virtue be thy rudder. Hope thine anchor, and they will bring thee thro' all the dangers safe to land.

ALARMING TO DELINQUENTS.—A Yankee has invented a plague which kills off all who do not pay the printer. It is more destructive than the consumption. Delinquents will do well to note, "In the midst of life we are in death."

The last case of indolence is that of John Hole, who is so lazy that in signing his name he merely writes the letter J, and punches a hole through the paper.

A WRETCH.—Old Mr. Singlestick mystified a tea-party by remarking that women were facts. When pressed to explain his meaning, he said: "Facts are stubborn things."

DRUNKENNESS.—The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice than the most elaborate one that was ever preached upon it.